

N. G. Strait

NORMAL SPOTLIGHT

January, 1917

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and Thusnelda Zeller.**

Bucknell University
LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

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Normal Spotlight

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The Unknown

Story from Somebody's Magazine, June 23, 2137

Professor Bromo sat sunning himself in the bright corner of his laboratory. About him were clustered, on racks, tables and in the great drawers of the cupboard, the many specimens of scientific research which had made the scientist's name a household word on two continents. On the walls of the laboratory were cases of specimens, bottles and photographs all neatly labeled. On top of the battered book-case on the other side of the room stood the mummy of some old potentate who had been rudely rooted from his repose of centuries by the energetic searcher after knowledge. The brownish figure reached to the ceiling and presented a contrast to the spirit of modernism with which the laboratory was imbued.

On the table in the center of the room a large glass loomed up above the clutter of the various appliances. Beneath the glass a family of lungless lizards that had never enjoyed a breath of air appeared to be living a life of ease. Above, on a raised shelf supported by posts through the center of the table, was a long array of phials. This was none other than the famous serum factory which produced a secret cure for leprosy. Above this scene of incongruity and mysticism, a lark sang as sweetly on this May morning as ever lark sang. Only by reading the inscription on the brass plate could one ascertain that this was the celebrated liverless lark of Siberia, the only one in captivity which had endured this severe test of applied science.

Amid this jumble, by name, the laboratory, the Professor aforesaid sat and nodded. His mind began to wander. A sterilized fly lit upon his forehead and sniffed the ozone charged atmosphere. Involuntarily the worthy man's hand dropped a trifle and his finger rested upon a small ivory button in the arm of his chair. A slight whisk was heard and a breeze scented with apple blossoms sprang up from nowhere, at least so it seemed, and the fly vanished. A half-smile passed over his face. Laying his head back on the cushioned rest, he set all his thoughts toward the solution of the present difficulty. To an observer he appeared asleep but he was only playing one of his accustomed tricks, that of last resort to him, of preparing himself for dreams. This may sound strange, but the professor had long since found out that this was his most reliable source of solving knotty secrets. After perhaps five minutes, a faint tinkling sound was perceptible, arising from a small black box fastened to the back of the chair under the cushioned headrest. The professor's dreams had begun! He was at work on the most elusive problem he had yet undertaken.

The professor had entered into his inner subconscious personality and was perfectly at home. Long

ago he had mastered the principle of the governing of his dreams and in this state of coma, he had explored many hidden and unknown depths of the spiritual world. He decided to undertake a journey to Saturn, the gathering place of scientific spirits. The long aerial trip was accomplished with precision and standing in spirit upon the great inner ring, he paused and took his bearings. The last time he had made this journey he had come for pleasure and seeking adventure. Now he came in search of the solution of the problem which had evaded him thus far in the earthly sphere. A roar notified his careful ear that back in his studio he was snoring; and listening he heard the tick of his dream-recorder under his head. All was well. The battle-field of his campaign was at hand.

His ethereal eyes looked about him. The snow white band on which he stood stretched away indefinitely. Around him soared huge masses of iridescent vapors. Occasionally far below him, he saw the great spinning of the planet. In the darkness, toward the pole, the moon Enceladus rose.

Suddenly out of a greenish cloud appeared three shadowy forms. Grotesque though they seemed, their advent did not horrify the visitor. These were the three magicians from Saturn with whom many interviews had been obtained by wireless for Fort Meyer. They gathered around him combing back the reddish flames from their foreheads and began to converse in the latest Saturnian Esperanto. The professor was at home as usual when it concerned languages and remarked pleasantly upon the climate, although he was in the midst of violet flames. Having thus endeared himself to his hearers, for the Saturnian scientists boast of the artificial wonders which have long made their planet spectacular, he at once launched the weighty question before their august consideration.

Long they pondered upon the question. It was one which would never have occurred to a Saturnian mind, but one which at once interested them. At length, they drew forth from a hidden recess of the fog, a parchment sweet with perfume of a thousand Saturnian orchards. It was the answer that was stored with many thousand others in the great fund of knowledge which these philosophers had accumulated. It read: "There's no solution to the house-keeper problem for a bachelor. Seek no more."

The professor began to suffer from the excessive heat. His hair flamed and his nose became blistered. Many repeated blows smote his ear-drums. He jumped up, stopped the ticker under the head rest, and pulled down the shade between his head and the sun.

"Joan of Arc"

By Freda Lefkowitz

Note—Students in the fourth year German classes were asked recently to write essays on the life of Joan of Arc. Among the many good compositions that were prepared was the one by Miss Lefkowitz. Altho the story of the famous French heroine is known to the majority of the students here, Miss Lefkowitz tells it in such an artistic way that it was found to be well worth printing.—Editor.

Joan of Arc was born December 16th, 1412, in the little hamlet of Domremy. Her parents were simple, respectable people owning some land. She was not taught to read nor to write, but was taught to repeat the Catholic creed and as she grew older her fondness for the church became marked. She became more thoroughly and strongly stirred.

War rumors were all about her. The air was full of the clash of arms. Thus round the fireside at her father's house, Joan was in full contact with the troubles of the times and heard all the strange stories that were afloat and the miseries of her country which spoke to her every day.

The heroines of the Bible roused her imagination, the needs of her prostrate country wrung her heart, the intense religious zeal within her, turned her thoughts to God; and the unutterable yearning of all the people round her for Divine help, for Divine deliverance, fed the wishes, the hopes, the aspirations of this pious, superstitious, imaginative girl until they burst into flame.

She heard of an old prophecy, that, "France lost by a woman, shall be saved by a woman," and she began to feel that it applied to her. She believed that the heroines of the Bible would live again in her. She believed that voices, voices from on high, called on her, to go forth and deliver France. She felt too, that in saving France she would lose her own life.

Joan was sixteen, when she confided her plans to her uncle and begged his help, but she was only scorned and laughed at. Her father wished her to marry, and a suitable match was offered her, but Joan vowed to remain a virgin, and was constant in her belief that heavenly voices called her to the great work of saving France.

Finally after many difficulties Joan was received by the king and in plain earnest terms told her mission. "I am Joan, the virgin sent by God to save France."

She then asked for troops that she might go and save Orleans. After much hesitation he complied. Then Joan, clad in a suit of white armor, and mounted on a beautiful black horse, her white banner waving about her, set out for Orleans. In ten days after her magic touch was laid to the work, the English were utterly vanquished and driven away.

The fearless, tireless girl, was in the thick of the fight all the time, the first to advance, the last to retire. She was struck down with a severe wound, and she herself drew the iron from it, and was up and fighting again, in time to save the day.

At the head of the victorious French, Joan followed the retreating English. She took city after city until the way was clear for Charles to go to Rheims and be crowned King of France.

Other successes followed and Charles VII entered Rheims in triumph. At the anointing and coronation, Joan stood at his side. After coronation festivities were over and her mission completed, Joan asked to be allowed to return home, but at the urgent request of Charles, she remained with the army.

In her later battles she was less successful and failed to capture Paris and here, she was captured by the English and taken to prison, to Rouen. They hung great chains upon her slender limbs and shouted insults as she passed thru the throngs to her prison. Yet she could not guess the height nor depth of man's ingratitude. It was only when led from her dungeon to face her inquisitors, that she knew it was the French, who accused her, her own people, whom she had loved so well. They accused her of sorcery. After a mock trial accompanied with many shameful circumstances, she was condemned to die.

In the market place of Reuen a great stake was made with faggots heaped about it. To this stake they bound Joan, and she looked into their faces with a dreamy smile. No, she was not afraid, she did not hear the crackle of the faggots about her feet, only a sound of long ago, her mother singing a lullaby; she did not smell the thick smoke that blew across her lifted face—only the scent of roses in a garden far away; she did not see the cruel red of the hot breath, she only saw great, golden gates swinging open to her, and a glory was in her eyes. So, smiling, she stepped out of life as joyously as in the old days at Domremy, she had stepped from the dark kitchen of her father's house, into the open day.

Y. M. C. A.

So far this term we have had four splendid meetings. On January 4th, Guy Lambert, and Harry McInroy discussed the topic "What is the True New Year Spirit?" On January 11, Mr. Keim told us of some of the conditions in the South as he found them while teaching in Georgia, also he spoke of some of the things that are being done for the young people down there that want an education. On January 18, Ralph Harrison and Manley Gregory talked to us about "Christian Chivalry", which after all is the true test of a gentleman. Rev. Baldwin of the M. E. church, gave us an interesting and helpful talk last Thursday evening, January 25th.

The program for February is as follows:

February 1—"An Impossible Neutrality," Paul Hettes and Hartley Dean; February 8, talk by Mr. Grant; February 15, "Strings and Hammers", Lyle Ferris and Clarence Robbins; February 22, talk by Mr. Strait and nomination of officers for 1917-1918.

Ay! There's the Rub.

Announcement: All those interested in Home Decoration, please come to the Reception room directly after dinner.

Unsophisticated Freshman: I thought that place was reserved for those interested in home making, not decoration.

Miss Fairfacts' "Colyum"

Introducing the correspondence column. A new department under the personal direction of Miss Betty Fairfacts.

My Dear Miss Fairfacts: I want you to help me to think of a present for my sweetheart. She is such a charming girl. Sits by the hour and runs her hands through my hair gazing fondly at me all of the time.
Gordon Bailey.

"Dear Gordon: How about a fine comb?"

My Dear Miss Fairfacts: I am a young man 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighing 110 pounds with light hair. I wear a 13 collar. My girl is a beautiful blond 5 feet 8 inches, with long beautiful tresses, a Venus like form, a face like a Greek goddess and a sweet disposition. What shall I give her for Christmas?
Don Smith.

Dear Don: A revolver or a rifle. From the descriptions I think she will want to go hunting in the near future.

Dear Betty Fairfacts: I love a girl and she loves me, but there is another man who loves her and he is very persistent. He calls on her every night and I can't get a chance to see her at all. She does not want to insult him and so allows him to call. Please tell us what to do.
Win. Walp.

Dear Bill: Tell the girl to marry the other man. After a few weeks he will stay out all of time and you win.

Dear Betty Fairfacts: I love to hunt but I am frightened by the number of accidents which have happened during the hunting season. How can I hunt and still be safe?
Shott

Dear Mr. Shott: Don't load the gun.

Dear Miss Fairfacts: I am a young girl of eighteen. I am also a blonde. How long shall I wear my dresses?
Helen Carpenter

Dear Helen: As long as you live.

Dear Miss Fairfacts: Where can I procure the life of Julius Caesar?
Rex Dimmick.

Dear Remy: "I am sorry, but Brutus was ahead of you."

Dear Miss Fairfacts: I am 13 years old. Am I too young to be seen on the street with two women? As I want to go walking soon, answer soon.
John Evans.

Dear Johnny: If one woman is your aunt and the other your sister, it would be permissible before six o'clock.

HENRY A. ADRIAN, ASSISTANT TO
LUTHER BURBANK, WILL LECTURE HERE.

Tuesday Evening, January 30th, is Date Set for Visit of Famous Scientist—A Wonderful Lecturer.

On Tuesday evening, January 30, a treat is to be given to Mansfield Normal students. This will be in the form of a lecture by Henry A. Adrian, the Luther Burbank man.

For many years, lecture courses have tried in vain to get Luther Burbank on their schedules, for he is not inclined toward this kind of work. However, he allows his assistant, Henry A. Adrian, to lecture on the work which he is doing.

Mr. Adrian is a gifted speaker, and talks of some of the work in a more brilliant way than perhaps Burbank himself could do. He tells in a vivid manner how he does it, and the results that are being accomplished. He also shows, in the course of a single lecture the great value of this work to humanity at large.

Mr. Adrian's work is divided into two parts. The first is about the plant world, in which he presents the wonderful work done by Luther Burbank, in adding many useful plants, and what results may be obtained by one of the plants by agricultural institutions throughout the country.

The second part is to apply many of Luther Burbank's methods to the proper raising of children. Mr. Adrian says, "There is no boy, so bad, that he cannot be made to become a useful citizen in a community." His work with children, in a way, has been almost as remarkable as Burbank's work with plants. The lectures on this subject are not for one class of people alone, but for all classes, and all ages. They are romances of the race.

Professor Adrian's lecture is sure to be an inspiration to any audience, and it is a rare opportunity indeed which is here offered to the students of the Normal.

Where?

I cast a chip in the sea one day,
Into the white waves wild array;
Right merrily, swiftly it danced away—
I wonder where.

I cast a stone in a silver lake,
And shocked a thousand of ripples awake;
And softly each sped in the other's wake—
I wonder where.

I cast a thought in the world one night
A kindly thought, for a heart's delight;
On, onward it fled thru the glimmering light,
I wonder where.

Impertinent Question.

(A Drama in One Dram.)

Scene: Interior clothing store.

Enter—Don Smith—"Let's see your new underwear. Lady clerk (blushes) "Sir! (Recovers self-composure) Knit?"

Don Smith—"Why not?"

(Quick curtain. Gallery goes wild.)

A Spanish Bull Fight

By Hartley B. Dean

We are accustomed to think of bull-fighting as a game belonging entirely to the Spanish people and such indeed is the case today. But upon investigation we find that it was once a favorite sport of the Greeks and Romans. The game was introduced into Spain by the Moors at the time of their great invasion and since then it has grown so popular with the Spanish that the sport has long outlasted the race that brought it. We can hardly believe that a sport which seems to us so cruel and brutal could be a favorite with children and women but it is as popular with them as with the men.

The bull-fight is generally held on Sunday afternoon in a ring built like an old Roman amphitheatre which is called, "la plaza de toros." At the appointed time, the shrill blast of a trumpet falls upon the ears of the spectators; a gate opens and the little procession of men who are to take part in the fight, enters the arena. At the head, ride a few picadors, lance in hand. Next come the chulos carrying scarlet cloaks on their arms. Following these are the banderilleros and last, in the place of honor, come the matadors. All are clad in fine clothes embroidered with silver and gold. After making a salutation before the royal box, the matadors withdraw and the others take their positions in different parts of the arena.

Then another gate opens and the bull rushes forth. The chulos immediately begin to wave their scarlet cloaks which serve to infuriate him. As soon as he charges, the chulos escape over the railing of the arena. The bull then turns his attention to the picadors. These men are mounted and armed with lances bearing short heads. The wounds inflicted by these lances serve to madden the poor animal rather than to severely wound him. Two or three horses are killed before the picadors retire from the arena and one finds his sympathy going out to these horses more strongly than to any of the other participants, for they are blind folded and there is no avenue of escape open to them.

After the picadors retire the banderilleros rouse the bull to a terrible fury by stabbing him with barbed darts which some times have fire-crackers or small flags attached to them. When the banderilleros finish their work the matadors again enter the arena. They carry small red cloaks and long, straight Toledo swords. Now comes the climax of the whole tragedy. One of the matadors steps forward shaking his red cloak. As the bull charges the matador plants his feet firmly and thrusts the long sword between the shoulder and neck of the onrushing animal. If the thrust is well placed the sword will reach the heart and immediate death results.

During the whole performance the spectators display the greatest excitement. They applaud wildly any especially daring or skilful act of the men and cheer the bull just as loudly, when he puts his tormentors to flight. After each fight the bodies of the dead animals are dragged out, fresh sand is scattered over the bloody spots and the arena awaits new victims.

Hartley B. Dean.

The Truth.

I haven't much time and before I am thru
You'll be much more than thankful I'm sure, that it's true.

My story is short and a sad tale of woe
About people above and people below.
Of all the wild noises by night or by day
Of cavalry charges or cannon at play,
Of blasting, of thunder, or bombs that are dropped,
The people above us have all these things stopped.

Have you tried to study when some one up there
Commences to rock in a squeaky cane chair?
The way that it rattles and creaks is a fright!
You wonder: "How am I to study tonight?"
The rocking grows wilder, your books on the shelves
Are jumping and jarring, enjoying themselves,
You grow more distreched, you flop on the bed,
You exile to Greenland—the kids overhead!

The rocking has ceased. Now a furious smash!
Your nerves are all tense, you prepare for the crash
The walls must soon fall for the ceiling is cracked
The paint chips off it. Your last nerve is wracked.
Now someone is doing a clog, heel and toe
Without the first thot for the people below
One shoe then another is hurled to the floor,
"What can they be doing?" you gasp out once more.

And so they keep on by night and by day
As loud while you study as while you—crochet.
You wonder when do they get their studying done
Thru all this loud banging that gives them such fun?
It's past ten o'clock; you prepare to retire,
Your nerves are unstrung and your head is afire,
For six seconds only, it's all still overhead,
One terrible crash! And you drop over—dead.

Ahdowanta Tell, '18

Y. W. C. A.

The program for the winter term follows:—

February 1—Auld Acquaintances.....
..... Elizabeth Olmstead, Inez Percy
February 8—Mr. Eden.
February 15—"In My Name"
..... Anna Austin, Laura Wells
February 22—Essentials of True Greatness.....
..... Eleanor Ward, Ruth Smith
March 7—Musical Program..... Music Committee
March 14—Apples of Gold.....
..... Marion Caswell, Pauline Palmer
March 21—Joint Song Service.

"Nothing But the Truth."

Dean—"We once had a hen that would hatch out anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."

Briggs—"That doesn't come up to a clubfooted hen I once saw in the country. By mistake they fed her sawdust instead of chicken feed. Well, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they hatched, eleven of them had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker."

A Life in the Balance

By Thusnelda Zeller, '18

Lawrence was in a passion: "I don't see why in thunder I couldn't make that basketball team—where's my collar—there are fellows on it a lot smaller and less wiry than I—hang my collar, where is it? Blake, for instance, little bit of a kid and he's forward! I want my red tie now—Dave!" he called at the top of his lungs, "have you got my tie? I told you I'd take your girl to the next big stunt if you ever took any of my things again and I'm a man of my word." He nearly unhinged the door opening it and he slammed it viciously behind him, just in time to meet David, his twin brother, in the hall, with a blue tie on. "Give me my—Say, have you seen my red tie? I never can find a thing when I want it."

"Never can find a thing when you're mad," replied his brother. "I wouldn't wear a red one today, Lawrence, you're hot enough. It's down on the hat rack where you left it last night, 'member? By the way, whom are you going to ask to the Gamma Sag' dance?"

"I'm going to ask Violet and I'm going to take her, too. Now what have you got to say?"

"I'm going to take Violet," he replied quietly.

They engaged in a short skirmish from which neither emerged triumphant. Then Lawrence, still excited, put on his red tie, brushed his hair and went out.

It was a bitter cold day and a fierce wind was blowing, but walking in such weather cooled him off considerably. Finally he reached his destination, a brown stone house, the home of Violet Rogers.

"Why! How do you do, Lawrence," she said cheerfully as he came in. "You haven't been here in ever so long!"

"But my twin is a good substitute, isn't he?" asked the boy with one of his rare smiles.

"Mercy no," said the girl. "Think of your quick temper and Dave's everlasting calmness. You're no more like him in anything but looks than Will Penfold."

Lawrence laughed. "Will Penfold isn't much like Dave."

They had talked a while when the telephone rang, and just as Violet had lifted the receiver to her ear, Lawrence felt that his brother was calling. "Oh Violet, just a minute," he said hurriedly, "I want you to go to the Gamma Sig' dance with me, will you?"

At the same time that he put his question, his brother was asking the same question of the same girl over the 'phone.

"Oh dear," she cried, "Lawrence is here and this very instant, right while you were talking, he asked me to go. What shall I do?"

Then after a three sided debate Violet decided to think the matter over and announce her decision later.

"Glorious! isn't it," she mused after Lawrence had left, "to have two invitations at the same moment and have to decline one and accept the other? Well, I'm glad Lawrence didn't ask that stupid Alice Burk. He hasn't asked me anywhere since the time he forgot

he had to play ball the night we had planned to go canoeing, except to the ball game in Trent when he did something or other and had to leave at ten. Dave won't be angry, he can ask Alice and I'll favor Lawrence this time—or he might get mad. Gracious what a temper!" Then she went to the telephone and told Lawrence she would go with him.

The evening of the dance was at hand. Violet was dressed in a gown that suggested her name. She was waiting for Lawrence but he seemed hours in coming:

It was already after eight and he had promised to come before. "What has he forgotten tonight?" she murmured angrily. "This is the last time I'll ever make an engagement with him!" At last she heard foot steps and on opening the door found not Lawrence, but David!

(Continued column two, page twelve)

Emersonian Literary Society.

The first regular meeting of the society for this term was held Saturday evening January 20th, 1917, in Alumni Hall. The program follows:—

Vocal Solo.....	Esther Swartwood
Recitation.....	Freda Willard
Piano Solo.....	Ora Wood
Reading.....	Elizabeth Baird
Normal Notes.....	Myron Deily
Cornet Duet.....	
Vocal Solo.....	Lucile Palmer

After the program a business meeting was called for the purpose of installation of officers.

The First Caricature.

When Man was made (of dust they say)
The sneering Satan marked his shape,
Then took another piece of clay,
And, in derision, made the Ape.

But, sinning through a million years,
Man so unspeakable became,
At length, the Simian House of Peers
Denied similitude, with shame.

While Man (who wouldn't be denied)
Set every monkey house agape,
By claiming, with a blatant pride,
He was descended from the Ape.

—Selected.

Ouch!

Woody—"Why do they call boats 'she'?"
Allison—"Because they can't make much speed
unless there are buoys around, I suppose."

"A Wail."

I'm taking Plane and Chemistry—
Originals they've given me,
And formulas galore.
My brain is empty as a cup—
I cram it, but it won't fill up,
I'll flunk, then "au revoir."

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SCHOOL SPIRIT.

There is a certain definite something that plays a very important part in our school life. This something is commonly known as School Spirit. The standard of this elusive, intangible something determines the success of the year along literary lines, in athletic contests, and in social functions.

School spirit has been compared with a mighty river sweeping on to the sea, its goal, symbolizing the attainment of perfection. But far back in the hills, tiny perennial springs feed the tributaries of the river and make its force irresistible. It is the combination of individual effort that forms a perfect school spirit.

The ability to look back upon the "good old days at Mansfield" lies chiefly in the amount of enthusiasm exercised while here. The lack of this enthusiasm is nothing more than selfishness. Why not forget some of those petty personal diversions? School spirit brings new interests in life to you and is the life of the school. Fine brick buildings and a beautiful campus do not make a school, a faculty must have students and a curriculum too. You are a student, but not in the fullest sense of the word unless you support the best interests here.

Get out and encourage the basketball team, aid it, if possible, with your personal assistance. A successful season means that you must do your share. Are you going to be a selfish unit or a loyal Mansfield student?

SPECIALIZING.

There is a tendency in modern education for specialized efficiency. This change in the conception of what constitutes an education has been brought about by the demand of industry and by economic pressure. As industry has grown, it has become a highly complex mechanism and in its demand for man power has asked of each man that he do a less number of things but attain a maximum skill in one or two operations. In a

different sense the demand for a greater food supply has developed specialized activity in the Agricultural Sciences.

The demand which the business man makes of the school is that it shall educate for the material benefit of humanity and—himself. The educator recognizes the justice in the criticism but he also sees what the world knows but sometimes forgets—that specialized training is the outgrowth of a material philosophy and a material philosophy cannot be made the sole basis for a nation's or an individual's civilization. That this philosophy is necessary for the welfare of either the nation or the individual cannot be doubted, but it takes a big nation or a big man to handle it safely. The word efficiency unless an outgrowth of a bigger mental conception of a life work, grows inside of you until it becomes bigger than you are—and you lose your whole individuality to become a frictionless cog in a machine.

In order that we may handle a teaching of this kind and make it subserve ourselves, the teacher places the common school first, not that it shall fill a child with facts alone, but that his geography and his history, his language and arithmetic may enlarge his sphere a little and that in his association with his fellows he may learn to be just and honorable. His first training then shall be for citizenship, and when he has received this first teaching, he will be ready for specialization.

The material welfare of today is possible because of the idealistic philosophy of yesterday and if the material welfare of the next generation is to be better we must maintain that idealism which reads the past for the benefit of the present and from the present sees the future.

There must be no conflict between the academic and the vocational; to eliminate the one is to narrow life to a point, without dimension, and do away with the other is a reversion to "culture for the sake of culture." Together, however, they build on an indestructible foundation giving the greatest possible good to the present and preparing a greater for the future.

—C. C. WARD.

Echoes From the Editor's Transom.

Nothing is so pleasant as to air our worldly wisdom in epigrammatic nuggets, especially when copy is scarce or difficult to handle.

Something Pithy.

"Those who can, Do; those who can't, Criticise."
—Hubbard.

To The Disappointed.

"Thar ain't no sense in gettin' riled."
Bret Harte

All Of Us.

If we should leave out of our conversation scandal, gossip and common places—what a silence.

Most Of Us.

"Instead of seeing ourselves as others see us, most of us would rather impress others as we see ourselves."

**BOYS, UNDER ST. CLAIR'S DIRECTION, WILL
PUT ON MINSTREL PERFORMANCE FEB. 9**

**Big Vaudeville Show To Be for the Benefit of The Spotlight. Unusually Large Audience Expected.
Fine Collection of Comedians.**

One of the biggest musical events of the season is scheduled to take place Friday evening, February 9th, in Alumni Hall, when Charles St. Clair and his collection of funny men will stage a minstrel show. The performance is to be for the benefit of The Spotlight.

For the past two years St. Clair has had charge of the minstrel shows here. In fact, it is said, that it was his fertile mind which first conceived the idea of a minstrel produced by Normal boys. The first production proved so successful that last year the stunt was repeated and now things are being whipped into shape for the third, and probably the last of St. Clair's famous Normal minstrel shows, for be it remembered, that the Port Allegany boy is scheduled to depart from this boro in June.

The show this year promises to be the best ever. The end men will be Clifford, Taylor, St. Clair, Hiscox and Arnold. Clifford is a born actor and feels right at home in a burnt-cork make-up. He was in last year's performance and made about the biggest hit of the evening when he presented his monologue sketch. Taylor, according to Dame Rumor, is a star in the minstrel game and much will be expected of him when it comes his turn to perform. St. Clair is just as good an end man as he is a pianist, which is going some. Hiscox was an end man last year and his work was so good then that he has been chosen to perform in a similar position again this year. "Tuckey" Arnold, "the Pride of the Blue Ridge", is an experienced man in the minstrel show business and can be expected to make good in this year's performance.

The interlocutor will be George Navle and the circle will consist of, William McNamara, "Mose" Woodrow, "Jack" Monahan, Paul Crawford Allison, Howard Deily, Harold Strait, "Stick" Rockwell, Irving Francis, James Brown, and "Gazook" Gazella.

Tickets on sale at Cole's Pharmacy, Friday morning, February 9th. Admission, thirty-five cents.

Alta Peten Literary Society.

In electing Brychan B. Powell, president of the Alta Peten Literary Society, we have placed in office a leader of no mean ability. Along with President Powell, were elected Donald Arnold, vice-president; Margaret White, secretary; William Norman, treasurer; Helen Carpenter, chaplain; and James O'Brien, sergeant-at-arms. A committee was appointed to arrange for the coming Alta Peten play, consisting of Francis Clifford, chairman; Helen Gordon, Georgia O'Connor, Harriet Wakeman and Maurice Woodrow.

A funny old geezer named Burt
Had a brain which was rather inert;
He started to holler:

"I can't fix my collar"—
When he'd forgotten to put on his shirt.

—Birmingham Age-Herald

**NOTED KENTUCKY EDUCATOR
TO LECTURE HERE IN FEBRUARY.**

**President James A. Burns, of the Oneida Institute, Will
Appear Before Local Students on Twenty-
seventh of Next Month.**

President James A. Burns, of the Oneida Institute, Kentucky, and one of the most popular lecturers on the American speaking stage, is to give a talk in Alumni Hall, Tuesday evening, February 27th. Burns, while probably heard of very little in the most eastern states, has in the middle west no trouble whatever in securing a full house, on any evening when he is scheduled to talk. A short outline of the work in which President Burns is engaged is here given:

It was not very many years ago, when the name of the state, Kentucky, was connected with tales of feuds, blood-thirsty murders, out-law robberies and equally lawless and cruel activities. Likewise, it was not very many years ago, when this wholesale slaughter and lawlessness, began to affect, and take a deep rooted interest in the life of young Burns. His ambitions, as he grew to manhood, came to be to make these mountaineers and back-woods-men understand the sacred obligations which each one of them should feel toward his neighbor. He grew up with this purpose in mind. As soon as he could do so, he began his work in the back-woods teaching school. The first year, he had over one hundred pupils in his school, which shows that these children of the mountaineers will take advantage of a chance for intellectual opportunity.

Many times his school was broken up by disruption among the parents of some of the children. However, he was gradually installing the right idea into the minds of the children in his charge.

Many times he had to move on, and find a new location for advancing his chosen work of enlightenment. Truly, he was a man with a vision.

His final, and most successful step, was the founding of the Oneida Institute, of which he is president. His work is going on, more rapidly every year, and the fame of his institution is spreading among these mountaineer folks, whose only idea before, was to make away with their enemies.

President Burns has not made known the subject of his talk, but it will probably be in relation to his work.

Coming Events.

January 27—Basketball, Jersey Shore Ex-High.
January 30—Lecture—Dr. Henry A. Adrian.
February 1—Basketball, St. Bonaventure College, away.
February 2—Basketball, Corning N. S. H. S., away.
February 9—Boys' Minstrel Show.
February 10—Basketball, Alumni.
February 17—Basketball, Dickinson Law College.
February 24—Basketball, Cortland Normal.
February 27—Lecture. President Burns.
March 2—Basketball, Corning N. S. H. S.

"Foiled"—cried Charley St. Clair, as he opened a ten cent pack of cigarettes.

**"The Place Where Nothing
Ever Happened."**

"Nothing has ever happened there, and so I guess nothing ever will."

So spoke a Wellsboro girl only today. And suddenly I found myself wondering if that Wellsboro girl really did know for sure of what she was talking, for once upon a time something did happen there, but it was so long ago perhaps it has been forgotten.

It reads somewhat like a fairy story, does the account from which I get my material, and in as much as I cannot equal the style of the "youth's companion," I, like Professor Ward, must ask you to accept this for what it is worth, and to be kind in your judgment.

Very early in the nineteenth century, about one hundred and seventeen years ago, William Wells, the founder of our present Wellsboro, came up from Delaware with a little band of men and women, and after crossing the Alleghenies, settled down in the very heart of the wilderness, the spot that is now Wellsboro.

The winter descended suddenly upon the country; its icy fingers seemed to reach the heart of every living thing. William Wells and his men soon found themselves to be in desperate straits. Their food supply was exhausted; there was no game to be found; heavy snows had obliterated every sign of a trail and the nearest settlement, Pennsboro, was half a hundred miles away, situated on the great bend of the Susquehanna where it turns toward Chesapeake Bay.

A messenger was sent to John Burroughs, the founder of this little settlement, and John Burroughs did not hesitate, tho' none knew better than himself that the journey was fraught with dangers most men would shrink from encountering.

He loaded more than four tons of pork on two sleds, and, alone, except for a fellow driver, set out to relieve the starving people of Wellsboro.

Before the two had gone far, this man froze his feet and had to turn back. Burroughs was alone; trails there were none; and Pine Creek had to be crossed four times.

He attempted the first crossing. The ice broke, and horses, sleds, provisions—all—went to the bottom. The animals managed to get out alive but the sleds and all the load lay under four feet of icy water.

John Burroughs backed the horses into the stream, he waded in himself and dived beneath the surface, and, completely submerged, he repaired as much damage as he could and finally succeeding in getting the load ashore.

He dared not linger in the cold and so rushed his horses along to keep from freezing. Night came on; six miles lay between him and the nearest habitation. Again and again the broken sled slipped from the tracks; he only pried it back and kept on, picking his way thru an unknown country by means of the stars.

At last, half dead, he reached the frontiersman's

**UNIFORM DESIGN ON ALL CLASS
JEWELRY IS DR. STRAUGHN'S PLAN.**

Hopes to Eliminate Unnecessary Work of Pin Committees and Establish Permanent Design for Normal Pins and Rings.

When a committee of seniors met recently to select a design for the rings and pins of the members of this year's graduating class, they unconsciously picked a design which is to be used by all graduating classes from now on, or at least while Dr. Straughn is principal here. By this plan Dr. Straughn hopes to eliminate the unnecessary work attached to service on pin committees and to establish a uniform design for Normal pins and rings.

Athenaen Literary Society Notes.

The fall term of 1916 will long be remembered by all good Athenians. Under the leadership of Donald Rockwell, as president, the society flourished and prospered as it has never done before. At the beginning of the year many new members were added to our number. Excellent programs were prepared by the committee, and were given at the regular meeting held every two weeks.

However, the large work of the society during last term was the rendering of the play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back". We can only say that the success of this affair, due to the hard work of the players and members of the committees, has awakened more interest in the society and has insured the success of the society throughout the remainder of the year.

At the business meeting held in December, the following officers were elected for the winter term: President, Harry Taylor; vice-president, Rex Dimmick; secretary, Gertrude Smiles; treasurer, Helen Gotshell; parliamentarian, Donald Rockwell; chaplain, Winfield Haynes; sergeant-at-arms, Clarence Robbins; musician, Wynona Wombaugh.

Sentimental Miss Harkens—Ah, professor, what would this old oak say if it could talk?

Professor Strait—It would say, "I am an elm!"

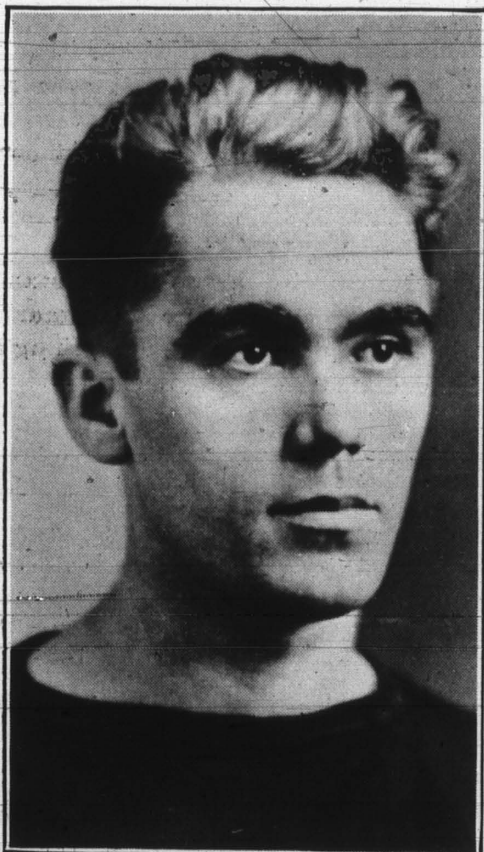
shack, only to discover he could find no shelter for his horses and no food or warmth for himself.

Morning came! His horses were still alive, standing in snow halfway to their shoulders.

He harnessed them once more to the broken sled and started again. By sunset he had covered only ten miles. Wells in desperation had sent out another message and while trying to show Burroughs a short cut to the town he caused them to lose their way. Another night was spent in the snow. But the next day Wells received the pork, tho it had once been at the bottom of Pine Creek, and so Wellsboro, the place "where nothing ever happened" was saved to become one of the prettiest little towns in Tioga county.

Elaine Manley.

*Irving Francis Who Has Been Chosen
Captain of Next Season's
Football Team*



It is some distinction to be the captain of one athletic team at such a thriving school as Mansfield is, and it is still a greater distinction to be the pilot of two teams. But, such a thing is possible, even in Tioga county, for Irving Francis is not only captain of the Normal track team but is also the captain of next season's football squad. Irving is quite worthy of the honor given him by his fellow team mates and will undoubtedly live up to the requirements his offices call for.

Guess.

"Swelled heads ain't got no room for words of savin' grace."

"He has attained that high perfection when a man believes his own lies."

"He said he lost his temper when most certainly he had it and was using it."

"We cannot afford to dislike too many people at one time. It reflects on our amiability."

Evidently.

We live in an age of information. You can get more information nowadays, such as it is, than you know what to do with it.

**ATHENS HIGH SCHOOL EASY PICKING FOR
NORMAL BOYS IN FIRST GAME OF SEASON**

**Contest Was A One-Sided Affair And Local Lads Had
Little Difficulty in Getting Away With a
60-10 Victory—Allison Starred.**

The Normal basketball team won their first game of the present season on Saturday evening, January 6th, when they trimmed a quintet representing Athens high school by a score of 60 to 10.

The game was a one-sided affair in which the Athens boys were completely outclassed. The local team put up an excellent exhibition of basketball playing and had the victory packed safely away long before the first half had ended.

Paul Allison, who is expected to fill Kim Marvin's number sevens this year on the local gym floor, started the scoring for Mansfield. Paul caged one after the ball had swished around for several minutes following the opening toot of the referee's whistle. This successful shot of Allison's proved an incentive to the other men on the team for before the half had ended Chamberlain had caged five double-deckers, Captain Woodrow one field goal and one foul and Allison, himself, succeeded in dropping in five field goals, making the score 25 to 4.

In the second half the scrubs went after Athens and by the time their session ended, the score stood 60 to 10.

The line-up:—

Mansfield	Athens
Allison, f.	f., Saunders
Chamberlain, f.	f., Kinney
Woodrow, Captain, c.	c., Homet
Francis, g.	g., Tibbs
Clarke, g.	g., Dolan

The summary: Substitutes, Norton for Allison; Norman for Chamberlain; Ashcraft for Norman; Stogowski for Woodrow; Matteson for Francis; Schott for Clarke; Myers for Saunders; and Saunders for Tibbs. Field goals: Allison 6, Chamberlain 5, Woodrow 3, Norton 5, Clarke 2, Matteson 2, Ashcraft 2, Schott 1, Kinney 2, and Myers 1. Goals from fouls: Woodrow 5, Norton 1, Ashcraft 1, Stogowski 1, Saunders 2, Kinney 1, and Dolan 1. Time of halves: twenty minutes. Referee: Kichline.

Composed by Gertrude Regan:—

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
If Livy don't kill us
Physics must

Timid Student: I should think that you would get a spark from this simple electric cell.

Irate Instructor: If you were not so taken up with such things you would know more about physics.

Nature Study As An Appreciation of Literature

In order that we may really appreciate the writings of the great, we should know some botany. Almost all the writers whose works have come down to us through the centuries were lovers of nature and used it as a background for human emotion.

It is not a knowledge of scientific facts or names especially, that is necessary; but rather the power to recognize all the simple plants and call them by their common names. In reading we find many beautiful nature descriptions which we can not fully understand unless we know trees and flowers.

The works of great poets are indeed the evangels of nature to all who have ears to hear. Such were the lyrics of Pindar to the Greeks; the odes of Horace to the Romans; the songs of Robert Burns to the Scotch; and the works of Wadsworth to the English.

We see this great love for nature in the ancient classic writers. Homer is full of passages of beautiful nature description. In Virgil's Aeneid there are some fine nature pictures. The exquisite passage in the fourth book beginning:—

"Nox erat et placidum, carpebant fessa soporem." is typical of this.

The beautiful nature poems of Robert Burns are hardly intelligible without a knowledge of nature. His songs carry us into the open air, to saunter through the rye, to stop with some pretty reaper amid the harvest, to make friends with the "timorous beastie" or the "wee crimson tipped flower." The scent of hay is always on his garments but the cry of living things is ever in his speech. To him, it was given to take the modest daisy and make it a flower fit for the garden of the gods.

In English poetry we also find the same thing. To appreciate some of Shakespeare's nature pictures we must be able to distinguish trees for he is ever using figures to refer to them. The oak and the willow are especially mentioned. We fail to grasp some of the plays on words if we are lacking in nature lore.

In Milton's Lycidas, the lines that start:

"Bring the arthe primrose that forsaken dies,

"The tufted crow-toe, and pale jassamine" are only a meaningless group of words unless a vivid picture of each flower comes to our minds. All the flowers which Milton mentions are simple ones that we should easily recognize if we were well versed in plant life.

It is easily seen that the great writers of all ages used nature freely, especially trees and flowers so that it is almost compulsory that we understand all out of doors and love it, in order to appreciate their works.

Myron Deily.

Formal Dance, February 16th.

The winter term formal dance, one of the season's biggest social events, is scheduled to take place Friday evening, February 16th, according to an announcement recently made by the boys' dance committee. Arrangements are already under way and the affair promises to be the best ever.

Teacher in Algebra class—"Is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

Bright Pupil—"Yes when you take the conceit from a Senior."—Ex.

Disgusted Pater—See here! Your standings are much lower than they were before Christmas!

Son—Yes, pop; but, you know, everything is marked down after the holidays.—Yale Record.

A little co-ed, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

To A Few of Us.

"The Hammer and Tongs are all right, but don't misuse them."

Pa, tell me a fairy story.

"All right, my son. One night I was out with a couple of fairies and—sh! Here comes your mother."

George Navle—"Is Helen Scanlon brilliant?"

"George" O'Connor—"She ought to be. She never uses powder."

McNamara—"Got any cigarettes with you?"

O'Toole—"Yes, plenty. Thanks."

George—"Pa, what is the meaning of 'Veni, Vidi, Vici'?"

Pa, (without glancing up from paper)—"Some college yell, I guess."—Judge.

A Hint to the Girls.

We may live without friends,
We may live without books;
But the civilized man
Cannot live without cooks.

"Lucile"—Owen Meredith

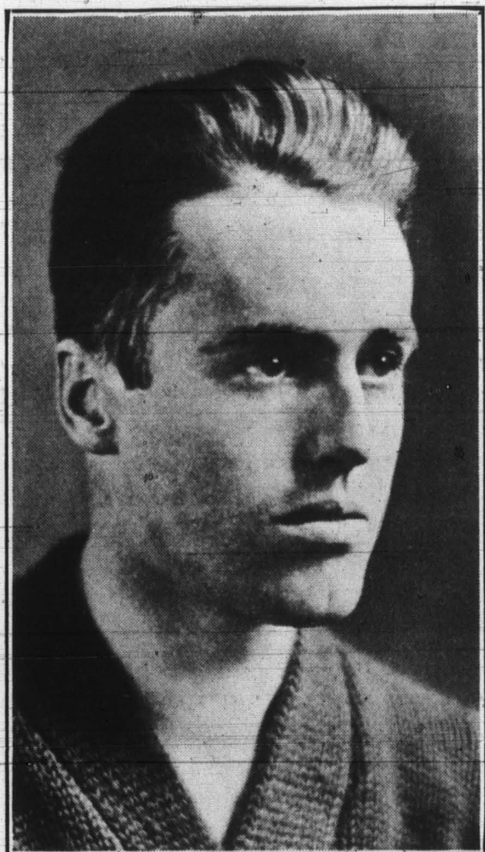
Applicant—What are my chances for getting a job in this bottling works?

Superintendent—Corking.—Princeton Tiger.

They sat on the steps at midnight,
But her love was not to his taste.
His reach was 36 inches,
While hers was a "46" waist.

—Yale Record

**Maurice "Mose" Woodrow, Captain of
the Normal Basket Ball Team**



It was a wise choice on the part of last year's basketball letter men to pick Woodrow as captain of the 1917 quintet. In fact, it is commonly believed that no better choice could have been made. "Mose" is a clever player and without a doubt the most reliable man on this year's team. So far this season, "Woody" has met with much success as a pilot and it is hoped that the team under his direction will continue the good work.

**MANSFIELD FIVE TAKES FAST GAME FROM
CORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL QUINTET, 38-25.**

**Second Game of Season Proves A Nip-and-Tuck Contest
And Ends In Victory for Normal Boys—Clarke
and Chamberlain Were Not in Lineup.**

Mansfield tacked up its second straight win on Friday evening, January 12, by defeating Cortland high school by a score of 38 to 25. The game proved to be about the fastest mixup of the season and the local boys had to fight hard for their victory.

When the toot of the referee's whistle sent the two teams banging against each other, two familiar faces were missing from the Normal lineup, Clarke and Chamberlain having been instructed a few days previous

to the game to discard their basketball togs for a few weeks or so. The absence of the two veterans seemed at first to have a telling effect on the local quintet for during the opening part of the session the Normal boys roamed about as aimlessly as an oyster in a bathtub. In fact it was not until Captain Woodrow began his sensational shooting that the local boys woke up. A few difficult shots by the slippery center served as eye-openers for his team mates and they went after Cortland then like a swatter after a fly. Evidently they swatted Cortland pretty well during the remainder of the session for when the twelve-hundredth second had breathed its last, the score stood 22 to 15 in favor of the Normal.

In the second half, Mansfield kept the lead on Cortland altho they had a hard time doing it. Fouls were numerous during this period while the goals from the field were about as rare as prohibiton parades in Blossburg. When the final shrill of Referee Kichline's whistle was sounded, the Normal boys had the victory tucked away by a score of 38 to 25.

"Gazook" Gazella made his debut as a foul-shooter by caging twelve out of sixteen tries. McMann, of Cortland, gave the Olyphant lad a close run for the foul honors, making ten successful shots from the fifteen-foot line. "Nutz" Allison played his usual brilliant game at forward for Mansfield, adding five field goals to his already large collection of double-deckers. Matteson and Francis, performing guard duty for the local five, on numerous occasions succeeded in breaking up plays that would have proved disastrous if they would have been allowed to continue. Norton appeared in the lineup during the last few minutes of play and made three successful shots at the cage.

The rest of the story is told in the following way:

The lineup:—

Mansfield	Cortland
Allison, f.	f., W. Stissler
Gazella, f.	f., Carr
Woodrow, Captain, c.	c., S. Stissler, Captain
Matteson, g.	g., Maher
Francis, g.	g., McMann

Substitutions: Norton for Allison; Peckham for Carr; Goals: Allison 5, Gazella 1, Woodrow 3, Norton 3, Francis 1, McMann 1, W. Stissler 4, Carr 1, S. Stissler 1. Goals from fouls: Gazella 12, Peckham 1, and McMann 10. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Referee: Kichline.

The man who liketh not our jests
Would surely change his views,
Could he compare the ones we print
With those we do not use.

An Ideal Man!

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—

He's paralyzed.
—W. B. Journal

Exchanges

The Conwayan—An excellent paper with an abundance of good reading material.

The Athenian—One of our new exchanges. Come again.

The W. B. Journal—A splendid paper thruout.

Tech Monthly—Quite interesting and newsy too.

The Amulet—An excellent paper. Your departments are well edited.

The Impressions—One of our best exchanges.

The Eclogue—A very welcome visitor.

Minersville Eleusinia—A newsy little paper.

The Punxsutawney Mirror—A real good exchange.

Poem.

They lived together side by side,
Through all the long spring days;
He bowed and scraped and shielded her
From sunshine's sultry rays;

She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because—well, let that pass!
For she was but a pansy prim,
And he, a blade of grass.

—P. P. Bowl.

In Mansfield, Too!

The rooster's crow does very well
As music, now and then;
But the thing that stands for something
Is the cackle of the hen.
Yes the first may crow the sun up
We are not likely to forget,
But a fresh egg in Conway for breakfast
Beats the finest hash yet.

—Conwayan.

"Say Jones, how are you going to sell your new novel—in book form?"

"No, I'm going to call it 'Grape-nuts' and sell it as a serial."—Princeton Tiger.

Happy Childhood

A small boy seated on the curb by a telephone pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman, who happened to be passing. "Going fishing?" he inquired good-naturally.

"Nope," the youngster replied. "Take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?"

"Sending them up this telephone pole."

—The Amulet.

(Continued from page five.)

"Will you go with me tonight?" he asked quietly.

"Where on earth is Lawrence? I promised him," she said in excitement.

"He can't come tonight on account of a little affair that he was engaged in, so he sent me. You'll go, won't you?"

"I suppose I'll have to if he can't come. I don't see what on earth possesses him to do such outlandish things whenever he makes an engagement with me. I can't call it anything but cowardly, always to fail the last minute," she said in disgust.

"Not cowardly, Violet," he said, "Do't call him that, I'm more of a coward than he is."

"Oh no you're not, but why did not he come?"

"I'll give you a note from him when we get there."

Violet quickened the pace and they soon arrived at the hall. David gave her the note and she read: Dear Violet: Rather than fail you entirely tonight I send my twin to take you. I make some allowances for your temper and I hope you'll forgive me this time. David will be a good substitute, because he is so everlastingly calm. Yours, Lawrence.

"My temper!" she blazed. "He needn't say anything. Tho' that's not giving any excuse I'll forgive him this time," but her tone was not very reassuring.

While she was dancing with Alfred Blake he said, "You're the favored one to be asked by Lawrence tonight, even if he couldn't take you. He's a hero."

"A hero," she cried in astonishment. "Why, I call him a coward not to call for me, to fail the last minute. Dave said something about not being a coward. What's it all about? I will call him a coward till I find out." Then she thought of Lawrence's allusion to her temper. "Please tell me," she said.

"Why, just as they were crossing the last bridge, Dave coming directly over, Lawrence going for you, they saw some one down on the ice. It was that million dollar Braddock kid making a short-cut under the bridge and he stepped on some soft ice and floundered around a little. Lawrence must have been pretty good natured just at that time, for he hollored something at Dave and jumped right in and saved the young dollar-sign. He's got a nice little reward coming all right."

Violet had been listening breathlessly, "Why—and I called him coward!" she stammered.

"No coward. He's good stuff. I could give up my place on the basketball team with very little trouble. I guess I will. He deserves more than money for such nerve."

It was not very late when David and Violet threaded their way back through the drifts to Hickey's house to see Lawrence. He was in a huge arm chair before the fire seeming none the worse for the cold bath he had had.

"What did you call me when I didn't come?" he asked, fixing his dark eyes onto her blushing face.

"Oh but I'm so sorry about it now," she said. "Really you're so brave."

"Not at all," he said, turning very red himself. "I had to choose between your pleasure or a life in the balance and I thought the life was worth more this time."

"Say, how much was it worth?" asked David eagerly.

"Five hundred dollars," whispered his twin.

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